

THE APRIL MAGAZINES.

"LIPPINCOTT'S."

From the very interesting article entitled "The Negro in the South," by Edward A. Pollard, we make the following extract. Whatever else may have been said about Mr. Pollard, he has never been charged with dishonesty, and his convictions, however erroneous, have undoubtedly been sincere. In this straightforward and manly paper he shows that he is capable of changing his convictions and of acknowledging the change frankly, and his opinions as to the present status of the negroes at the South, and their future prospects are therefore worthy of attention:—

The writer has to confess that he was educated in that common school of opinion in the South that always insisted on regarding the negro as specifically inferior to the white man—a lower order of human being, who was indebted for what he had of civilization to the tuition of slavery, and who, taken from that tuition, was bound to retrograde and to relapse into barbarism and helplessness. The writer was even advanced in this school. He had been fond of writing his opinions on the subject—that the negro was an inferior species of humanity; that by the employment of his imitative faculties he had obtained his maximum of civilization in the condition of slavery; and that to emancipate him would be to put him on the high road to ruin. Educated thus to discern the negro, yet always having a compassionate interest in him—miring in him his extraordinary qualities of humor and tenderness, indulging a number of poetic fancies in him, grown by education and habit sentimental towards him, yet constantly insisting that he was a poor, intellectually helpless creature, who never could get along outside the leading-strings of slavery—the writer was prepared to witness with pity what the whole South arranged itself to see—the misfortune and inevitable decline of the negro from the moment his emancipation was declared.

The South has seen no such thing. Whatever may be the vanity of opinion which compels men to persist in error, or yet more frequently to be silent under conviction, the writer comes sharply before the public with this confession, that his former views of the negro were wrong, that the results of emancipation especially have been the reverse of his expectations—a surprise the force of which he can neither resist nor contain. So keen has been that surprise that the writer is moved to communicate it to the public. He feels more like exclaiming, "A discovery!" than writing in any more deliberate mood of the proofs he has obtained concerning the new condition of the negro. It is that this singularly questionable creature has shown a capacity for education, that has astonished more than his former masters; that he has given proofs of good citizenship, which are constantly increasing; that his development since emancipation is a standing surprise to candid observers among the Southern whites themselves; that his condition since then has been on the whole that of progress, and in the face of difficulties that would soon have tested and broken down that progress had it been factitious or dishonest; and that, so far from being a stationary barbarian or a hopeless retrograde, the formerly despised black man promises to become a true follower of the highest civilization, a new object of interest to the world, and an exemplary citizen of the South.

Every year since the conclusion of the war I have been in different parts of the South; I have conversed with all classes of people there; I have enjoyed the conditions of a good observer. I have observed the remarkable good order in civil life which the negro has maintained since he was emancipated; I have seen that he is sober, law-abiding—that he has gone into his new condition with an adaptation little less than wonderful; I have witnessed the zeal with which the black people are availing themselves of the schools and means of education; I have observed in Southern cities the animated daily routes of their children to the schools; I have noticed the industry of the negro—the steady, unobtrusive industry of the South; I have wondered at the remarkable thrift by which he has obtained from his scanty wages not only a livelihood, but a degree of comfort and a decency of dress such as he had never known before; I have been pleased to see his manifestations of self-respect, the pride shown in dress and manners; and, above all, I have found in him a sense of importance and responsibility conceived from the idea that he is on trial before the world. The results of these observations I have put against the weight of a theory that had formerly persuaded me of the hopeless defect of the negro, and his worthlessness as a subject for intellectual experiment—the old ultra slaveholders' theory that negroes without masters are cannibals and the consequence is simply that I have decided to follow after the evidence of my eyes rather than to pursue farther the ingenuity of speculations.

On the conclusion of the war the emancipation of the negro was regarded by the Southern people as chief among the terrors that were to be inflicted upon them by the loss of the struggle. It had been habitually painted as the most dreadful feature in that death-head of "Subjugation" which for years had been held up in Confederate newspapers to nerve to desperation the arms of the South. The common representation was that the negro, wild and intoxicated by a change of condition so sudden and vast, would be no longer manageable; that he would go through the South murdering and plundering, taking revenge on his former taskmasters, or that, less violent, he would die and rot in the byways, a nuisance and an eyesore, until his own vices had consumed him, or until the animosity of race had expunged him from the face of the earth. How have all these raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories now disappeared, even from the imagination of the South! The negro has been seen to accept his great and sudden gift of liberty with a sobriety and a moderation that history will be surprised to record, since it is without example, so far as I know, of a people thus surprised by a change of condition as radical as can be imagined, whose fortune did not hurry them into some excesses. What of promise there was in the negro was immediately shown when he accepted without violence, and even without vanity, the gift of his freedom; going into his new place with a facility of adaptation at which we have not yet ceased to wonder, taking up with quiet thankfulness his new career; and even so little disturbed by the conceit of his new condition that to-day it is the common testimony in the South that the white people suffer no more from the insolence of the blacks than they did in the days of slavery. History owes here an extraordinary tribute to the negro for his conduct on an occasion so trying. He has accepted his liberty with a self-possession, a decorum and a facility that some

of the most cultivated and polite nations might envy in an emergency where such good fortune had been imposed upon them. The promise which he has given in conduct so wise and moderate I believe he is now fulfilling by his steady improvement in his new condition; and that, too, in the face of difficulties which have put his capacities to the severest test. In the South the negro is fulfilling the expectations of his friends; surprising those who, wishing him well, had yet pitifully distrusted him in his new career; and giving the very best answers to his detractors in those quiet proofs of progress which make but little noise of self-assertion, but against which no misrepresentation, no matter how violent and persistent, can long prevail.

There are some large, appreciable facts in the condition of the negro in the South which go to check the too common habit of the newspapers to make unproved, reckless assertions concerning him. They afford some light on a subject which covers an extensive ground, which has but few statistical guides, and on which a speculative class of writers, taking advantage of the supposed absence of any facts capable of proof, have imagined that they might impose almost anything upon the credulity of the public. Thus I have been repeatedly told in a loose way that the negro in the South will not work, that he is hopelessly lazy, that his idea of freedom is to live without labor, etc. This is a common charge against the negro; it is easily made in general terms, but happily the assertion may be brought under the dominion of some general facts which go to test its truth, and to show what prejudices and exaggeration have dictated this reproach.

There is some flippancy about this reproach which has at last become tiresome. Nor are the sources from which it commonly comes very highly recommended to us for the qualities of censorship. There are, I regret yet dare to say, many thousands of lazy white persons in the South, loafing on street corners and drinking whisky, perpetually talking of "enterprise" coming down South—as if said enterprise was something to be brought to them in a box and opened in their midst—the day Virginia is admitted into the Union, or some other event happens, who are exceedingly ready and apt to declaim on the business of the "tussled niggers." Now I do not believe that the negro is, or ever will be, a model of industry. His temperament is tropical. But I do say that, notwithstanding his disadvantages of nature and all other disadvantages (and they are many), the negro has shown since his emancipation an industry that is extraordinary; that is constantly, daily increasing, both in volume and discipline; that has supplied him with comforts that he never knew before; that has enabled him to build churches and to found charitable institutions of his own; that has kept him better clothed than he was in his former condition; and that exhibits its results to-day in the vast bulk of the agricultural products of the South.

From "Two Old Heads," by Grace Greenwood, we take the following sketch of the son of the Charlotte and Albert of Goethe's "Werther":—

THE CHEVALIER.

Among our visitors in Rome during the winter of 1853 was an elderly German gentleman, of good family and much refinement and culture, but of a peculiarly quaint appearance, and with a manner of childlike simplicity and kindness. This was the Hanoverian minister, Mr. Kestner, best known in society as "The Chevalier." To those who knew our friend well he unfolded a character of rare purity and freshness, of a genuine old-fashioned, chivalric type, but to strangers, the smiling, dapper little minister was only interesting from some romantic antecedents and associations. He was the son of the Charlotte and Albert of Goethe's "Werther"—the son of noble parents, strangely misrepresented by that fascinating but morbid romance, whose immense popularity ninety years ago, and whose influence on the life and literature of Europe, are so difficult for us at this day to understand. It was doubtless the subtle power, the ineffable element of genius, which redeemed its unwholesome sentimentalism, gave a melancholy grace to unholy passion, and to disloyalty an almost heroic pathos. But this can scarcely account for the immediate and powerful hold which not the story alone, but the spirit and philosophy of the story, took on the heart and imagination of all classes of readers. It must be that the book answered to a strange want, a fierce craving of the age. The soil must have been ready for the seed. True, the romance precipitated many a domestic tragedy, and made suicide epidemic; but the elements and conditions were all there, in the social life of that seething and stormy age. Goethe's biographer says of it:—"Perhaps there was never a fiction that so startled and enraptured the world. Men of all kinds and classes were moved by it. It was the companion of Napoleon in Egypt; it penetrated into China."

The true story of Werther, Albert, and Charlotte remained almost unknown beyond the circle of their personal friends for eighty years, until the appearance of Mr. Lewes' "Life of Goethe"; though, indeed, Mrs. Kemble, in her "Year of Consolation," gave some account of it, received from the Chevalier, whom she knew in Rome, and calls her "charming and excellent friend."

"Werther," apparently the simplest of all romances in construction, is really a curious piece of biographical mosaic. Goethe himself furnished but a portion of the traits, sentiments and experiences of the hero from his own life; from another real character—weak, melancholy, and more unfortunate—he filled out the portrait and borrowed the tragedy. Charlotte is also two in one (herself and Madame H—), while Albert is only half himself—a good beginning, a "lame and impotent conclusion." Lewes describes Kestner at twenty-four as a quiet, orderly, cultivated man, possessing great magnanimity, and a dignity which is in nowise represented in the Albert of Werther. The correspondence shows him to have been something more—a rarely noble, generous man, loving and loyal; as far removed as can be imagined from the hard, jealous, sullen Albert of the last half of the romance. He was the dear friend of Goethe, whom he loved with passionate enthusiasm, feeling all the charm of his wonderful genius and beauty, and foreseeing his greatness.

Charlotte Buff of Weitzlar was betrothed to Kestner before she met his brilliant friend, the young Dr. Johann Wolfgang Goethe, poet and philosopher. The scene of their first meeting was accurately given in the novel—little brothers and sisters, bread and butter, and all—

"Werther had a love for Charlotte such as words could never utter. Would you know how first he met her? She was cutting bread and butter."

Goethe certainly fell in love with Charlotte

after his poet fashion; and little wonder, for she was doubtless a charming creature—bright, joyous, sympathetic, and not too intellectual; but Goethe's love was evidently a harmless if not quite an innocent sentiment. It was held in check by his strong will and his sense of honor, and even more, perhaps, by Lotte's steady loyalty and serene dignity. It was yet far from a Platonic attachment, calm and cool and wise; it was warm and tender and foolish enough, but impassioned rather than passionate—ideal and imaginative, a luxury of sensibility and fancy. The woman was not the need of his great life, but to love her was the necessity of his genius. The man could forego her, but the artist made royal claim to as much of her as he required for his great pain; for, as he said, "Werther must, must be."

The three friends—a wonderful trio—lived on in the closest intimacy for some two years. Goethe's affection bringing no disparaging and no shadow of reproach upon his Lotte. The poet-lover even furnished the wedding-ring, and afterwards offered to stand godfather for their first boy, who was named for him.

About the time of little Wolfgang's birth, Goethe wrote to his mother, "I will soon send you a friend who has much resemblance to me, and I hope you will receive him well; he is named Werther."

Kestner says:—"As soon as the book was printed, he sent us a copy, and thought we should fall into raptures with it."

But he had wholly miscalculated. The hapless pair felt their faithful affection for their friend, their love for each other, the privacy of their home, all profaned. Lotte was inexpressibly grieved. Albert was outraged. So, in acknowledging the book, they wrote to their great friend in a strain of sorrowful surprise and reproach, which first revealed to him the astonishing blunder he had made. Before this he had but waited for their glad approval to crown his fame, as the wreath for the intoxicating wine-cup of his success. He was exulting in the royal immortality he had bestowed upon them in return for their humble love and fealty. Had he not made his faithful Albert a marked and envied man as the possessor of that peerless heroine of romance? Had he not embalmed Charlotte's amiable name in the tears and sighs of adoring thousands? But the perverse Kestner would little glory in being identified with that "miserable creature of an Albert," the husband of a woman who looks with sentimental indulgence, with tender smiles and naive blandishments, on the passion of a false friend, and for whom that false friend sighs and poetizes and maddens till he blows his unhappy secret and his brains out together. The prurish Charlotte felt that those sighs and tears of voluptuous pity and passion would breathe on her pure fame a nameless taint that must ever cling to it—not embalming, but withering.

For his part, Goethe showed how truly great he was by taking to their sad complaint, acknowledging his error, and humbly and passionately entreating their pardon. And they forgave him, and tried to forget it, but the world would not let them. They lived ever after in the glare of their questionable glory. The privacy and dignity of the old life never returned. The faith of the constant husband was not as contagious as the morbid romance of the novel.

Poor Madame Kestner, a modest, sensitive little woman, saw her double, so like yet so cruelly unlike, everywhere, in every language and in every form. She was weeping, and weeping, and bled in shame, and wrought into tapestry, and stitched into embroideries. She stood in perpetual mourning at the tomb of Werther in doleful prints; she simpered in her ball dress on tea-trays, and swung on sign-boards cutting bread and butter for hungry travellers. She must have felt like a poor little bird spitted alive on the diamond-pointed pen of the great novelist.

The loyal friendship between the three never wholly died out, but the old intimacy was not renewed. Indeed, Madame Kestner never again met Goethe till she was in her sixtieth year, a widow and the mother of twelve children, when she visited him at Weimar. What a meeting that must have been!

Charlotte has been described as a very charming old lady, lively and gracious; so the majestic old poet had not to blush as he recalled the admiration of his youth.

Our friend the chevalier had in his possession nearly all of the letters pertaining to the publication of "Werther," as well as much of the preceding and succeeding correspondence between Goethe and his parents. Mr. Lewes has made free use of these interesting letters; and it is pleasant to know, even at this late day, that the real Charlotte was not only an admirable daughter, sister, and friend, but a loving wife and a noble mother; that she was always worthy to cut bread and butter for innocent children; that she had none of the weak ability and sentimentality of the heroine of Werther, who so daintily dallies with sin and demurely plays with fire, and whose rashness is only equalled by her cowardice.

The Chevalier had a profound and tender respect for the memory of his father, the noblest of all the early friends of Goethe; while of his mother, the sweetest of all the loves of the great poet, he spoke to familiar friends more and more frequently and fondly as he grew old, and felt himself nearing her day by day. Whenever I saw him there arose in my mind a fair vision of a lovely German maiden in a "plain white gown with pale pink ribbons," either with a "loaf in her hand" and the little ones around her at home, or joyously dancing an *Altenlied* with Werther at the ball. Yet as I looked on his pale, withered face, I found it difficult to realize that it had been kissed over and over by the "sweet lips" about which Werther raves, saying, "Could I live one moment on those lips, I would contentedly die the next."

It was difficult to think of this grey-haired old diplomat as a flaxen-headed little lad, taking real bread and butter from those bountiful hands which have dispensed to multitudes the immortal ideal food from a miraculous loaf that never grows less.

The Chevalier was a favorite among the young, though he had some peculiarities at which they would smile. He was given to airing his English vocabulary in literary circles, and it would not very well bear the exposure. The delicious unconsciousness with which he ventured beyond his depth in political or artistic discussions, and floundered about in a sea of verbal troubles, gave rise to many a quiet laugh in English-Roman society. Young artists were especially drawn toward him, for he had all a cultivated German's love of art; his heart was unworn and his imagination still tinged with the golden enthusiasms of youth. His influence over these young men seemed always for good; he certainly drew them away from unworthy charm, held them by no secret, for he was not rich, and his habits of life were quiet and simple. He treated him and spoke of him almost as one of their fellows; they even played off upon him harmless little jokes; but that they had for him

genuine affection and respect was proved when in the bright, sudden spring, the time when all Italy longs to be aboard, the lonely old Chevalier was taken ill. Then these fine young fellows stayed faithfully beside him. He had been for some time failing, so the crowd did not long in coming. He did not dread it or shrink from it. He bowed to the old, old law of nature; he accepted the inevitable, not with the cold stoicism of the philosopher, nor yet merely with the unquestioning submission of a child, but with the dignity of a brave Christian gentleman.

One morning he was raised by gentle hands to look out for the last time over the hills and gardens, palaces and ruins, of that grand old city. Then, doubtless, his thoughts passed far away, over that lovely alien clime, to the dear Fatherland, to the old home—to the still churchyard in Weitzlar, perhaps, where Charlotte and Albert sleep side by side. It may be that he felt that beloved father and mother, gifted with a better immortality than ering earthly genius can bestow, near him then—they again young, and he so old!

At the last his courageous unselfishness, his delicate consideration, were most touchingly shown. After taking leave of his "dear boys," one by one, with loving words and gentle advisings, after giving to them kind messages for all his good friends in Rome, he said, "Now, my dear young gentlemen, I know it is not a pleasant thing to see an old man die; will you do me the kindness to step into my study and remain there for half an hour?—then you may return. Adieu! adieu!" They did as he desired; they sat, quite silent, watching the clock on the mantel as it ticked off those sad minutes, during which no sound came from the chamber of the dying man. When at last they rose and softly reentered that room, they saw the slender, familiar form extended, perfectly straight, the white hands clasped on the breast, the kindly eyes closed. The Chevalier was dead!

THE CHEVALIER'S ASSETS OF THE COMPANY

100,000 United States Five Per Cent. Loan, ten-forties	\$16,000.00
100,000 United States Six Per Cent. Loan, 1851	107,700.00
100,000 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan (exempt from tax)	213,950.00
100,000 State of New Jersey Six Per Cent. Loan	300,925.00
100,000 Pennsylvania Railroad First Mortgage Six Per Cent.	102,000.00
25,000 Pennsylvania Railroad Second mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds	19,450.00
25,000 Western Pennsylvania Railroad Bonds (Pennsylvania Railroad guaranteed)	36,625.00
30,000 State of Tennessee Five Per Cent. Loan	20,000.00
7,000 State of Tennessee Six Per Cent. Loan	15,000.00
12,000 Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 250 shares stock	4,270.00
6,000 North Carolina Railroad Company, 100 shares stock	14,000.00
10,000 Philadelphia and Southern Railroad Company, 100 shares stock	3,900.00
246,000 Loans on Bond and Mortgage Properties	7,500.00
\$1,293,400 Par.	Market value, \$1,208,270.00
Real Estate	36,000.00
Bill Receivable for Insurances made	828,700.75
Balances due at Agencies	65,097.95
Premiums on Marine Policies, Accrued Interest, and other debts due the Company	65,097.95
Stock, 647 1/2. Estimated value	2,740.00
Cash in Bank	\$168,218.88
Cash in Drawer	97.90
	169,216.78
	\$1,852,100.00

CITY ORDINANCES.

AN ORDINANCE To Make an Appropriation to Pay a Bill of Motion Macfarlan, M. D. Section 1. The Select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia do ordain, That the sum of fifty dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated to pay Malcolm Macfarlan, M. D., for extracting a pistol ball from the right leg of Policeman William Hodges, and extracting a similar ball from the chest of Policeman H. S. Sims, October 14, 1869, and professional attendance afterwards, and the warrant for said appropriation shall be drawn by the Mayor.

LOUIS WAGNER, President of Common Council.

Attest—ROBERT BETHELL, Assistant Clerk of Select Council.

Approved this sixteenth day of March, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and seventy (A. D. 1870).

DANIEL M. FOX, Mayor of Philadelphia.

RESOLUTION To Place Decatur Street on the Plan of the City.

Resolved, By the Select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia, That the City Surveyor be instructed to lay out Decatur street, from the Bristol turnpike to Mill street, in the Twenty-ninth ward, bounded by the plan of the city, provided that there shall be no expense to the city in so doing.

LOUIS WAGNER, President of Common Council.

Attest—BENJAMIN H. HAINES, Clerk of Select Council.

SAMUEL W. CATTELL, President of Select Council.

Approved this sixteenth day of March, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and seventy (A. D. 1870).

DANIEL M. FOX, Mayor of Philadelphia.

RESOLUTION To Lay Water Pipe on Erie street and other streets.

Resolved, By the Select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia, That the City Surveyor of the Water Department be and he is hereby authorized to lay water pipe on the following streets, to wit:—Erie street, from Girard avenue to Wilder street; Almada street, from Huntington street to Lehigh avenue, in the Eighteenth ward; Kensington avenue, from Albert street to Ann street, in the Nineteenth ward; Church street, Manayunk, in the Twenty-first ward; Budd street, from Haverton road to Allen street, in the Twenty-fourth ward; and on Ninth street, from Dauphin street to Germantown avenue, in the Twenty-eighth ward.

LOUIS WAGNER, President of Common Council.

Attest—BENJAMIN H. HAINES, Clerk of Select Council.

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LOUIS WAGNER, President of Common Council.

Attest—BENJAMIN H. HAINES, Clerk of Select Council.

SAMUEL W. CATTELL, President of Select Council.

INSURANCE.

DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, 1835.

Office southeast corner of THIRD and WALNUT Streets, Philadelphia.

On Vessels, Cargo and Freight to all parts of the world.

INLAND INSURANCES

On goods by river, canal, lake and land carriage to all parts of the Union.

FIRE INSURANCES

On Merchandise generally in Stores, Dwellings, Houses, etc.

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY

November 1, 1869.

\$500,000 United States Five Per Cent. Loan, ten-forties

100,000 United States Six Per Cent. Loan, 1851

100,000 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan (exempt from tax)

100,000 State of New Jersey Six Per Cent.